

Never Again

by Verbophobic

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Summary: Based on the song by Nickleback, Never Again.  
Mc/Oc

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Oneshot: Never Again

John watched as the young woman ran from her apartment and down the hall. Tears flowed down her cheeks, washing away the dripping blood. He'd heard the fight, yet he couldn't do anything about it. The war was over and he was just another 'normal' citizen. But since when could a Spartan ever really be a normal citizen? Born and raised to fight it wasn't in his nature to just allow the crying girl into his apartment and cry in his arms.

Two months ago he'd arrived and noticed something was off with her. It took some coaxing but she told him all. Now her cheek was swollen and the tears only washed the blood from a part of the cut. She told him what set the man off this time, a simple cough from her as he was talking. John, formally known as the Spartan Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, was truly shocked that she could speak.

If she had been a Spartan she would have been a hell of a good one. But she wasn't.

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In the ER she sat holding his hands and when she told the nurse she had tripped and fallen down the stairs John tried not to squeeze her hand too tight, with his strength he could break it just as easily as her other arm was.

He saw the look from the doctor. His teeth ground together and he dropped his loves hand. Love? Yes, he believed he loved her and if something didn't happen soon, he'd make it happen.

Again the nurse asked what had happened and John thought bitterly, just look in the waiting room. But even though he was able to trust Dr. Halsey with everything else he wouldn't go behind his loves back and reveal this.

.~:\*:~.

John laid in bed with his arm wrapped around his love. Her lip most recently split. He could feel the fear and anger rising in him. He may be angry, but it was fear that over ruled his emotions. He feared for his love. The beatings were getting worse, thus her split lip and sneaking over here to sleep, and he feared that she may just end up dead.

He'd seen something close to this before, but it wasn't anything like this. It had been a woman in public who's boyfriend had hit her then started to beat her. Many of the people rushed to help and save her.

Hell he'd been there himself, his father had hit him only a time or two and it hadn't been anything like this. This was bad and she was only a small woman. His tiny love was going to end up dead in that man's hands and it seemed like there was nothing he could do. If he acted he'd end up killing the man, and that would result in him being in trouble or prison.

How could he save his love from her father if he was sent away?

That man, he hadn't earned the name of father.

It was like the man was only a child, his temper was just like ones. He obviously hadn't heard the saying 'don't hit a lady'. Kicking the man's ass would be a great and satisfying pleasure.

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The smell of alcohol wafted through the hallway and John looked forlornly towards the door down the hall. His love was in danger and he couldn't do a damned thing to help her. All he could do, was wait for her to run to him, bleeding and battered.

The first slap John heard and he forced himself to look away and grind his teeth. As he held his breath he heard the loud bang that brought back his war memories. Had he not known that the gun that had shot could have just killed his love he would have been lost in his memories. But as the second shot rang out he raced to the door and swiftly kicked it open.

Her left eye was already swelling shut and the blood colored her teeth red. The gun in her shaking hands fired a third shot and John rushed to her, making her release the smoking object.

Never again would his love be in danger from this man.

Never again would she have to fear her father.

End  
file.